

VOL. X.-No. 259.

FEBRUARY 22, 1882.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

SUCK

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILED AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



SHIPWRECKED PATRIOTISM.

UNCLE SAM AT SEA:—"It's Washington's Birthday, and I want to decorate, but—ahem—well—just lend me the loan of your mast, will you?"

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks.....	1.25
ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BRITISH POSTAL TREATY.)	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$6.00
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One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....	1.50

* INCLUDING POSTAGE. 63

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER, A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR, H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S., AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouvierie Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the Herald Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 26 contains "Cupid and Crispia," a fantastic mixture of love and law; "At The Ball" is an amusing account of a floor-manager's difficulties; "Waiting" depicts with fidelity and rare insight artistic life in New York; the present installment of "Faith" shows the writer's delicate finish and close observation of the finer shades of feeling; there is much tender pathos in the present chapters; "For His Sake" is a romantic story of love and adventure; a new serial, "David Blake," by Arthur Lot, whose novelette, "At The Thousand Islands" was so favorably received, is begun in this number, and will be found to give rich promise. The price of FICTION is 10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is very difficult for a humorous and satirical paper, illustrated with colored cartoons, three in each number, \$5 a year, postage prepaid, no manuscripts returned, whether stamps are inclosed or not, to celebrate Washington's Birthday in an appropriate manner, without getting the patriotism due to the occasion mixed up with Decoration Day reflections and Fourth of July emotions. We wish to call particular attention to the originality with which we have surmounted the difficulty this time. We have given our readers what may be termed an Uncle Sam number. There is an Uncle Sam in every cartoon, and we flatter ourselves that we have got together about as fine a collection of Uncle Sams as any paper in this country can afford. The gentle reader may take his choice between Uncle Sam in his great Neptune act on the first page, Uncle Sam encouraging emigration on the last page, and Uncle Sam unpleasantly situated as to his vitals in the centre cartoon. We simply wish to remark that this feast of Uncle Sam's is free to the eager millions of this great and glorious republic at the low price of ten cents a copy.

* * * And as for the great American public, it is but meet that they too should celebrate the festive occasion in an appropriate manner. They can do this in one way by weaving garlands for the brow of some of the very queer statues of the patriot which are distributed throughout the country. We are quite at home in the business so long as we take particular pains to confine ourselves to *terra firma*. At sea we should be literally all at sea.

* * * To honor the memory of George Washington on the briny is, as things stand now, almost impossible. We have a few logs floating about which we dignify by the name of a navy; but they are rotten, and it is doubtful if an extra flag hoisted on any one of them would not be sufficient to land the "war-vessel" comfortably at the bottom of the ocean. As for our mer-

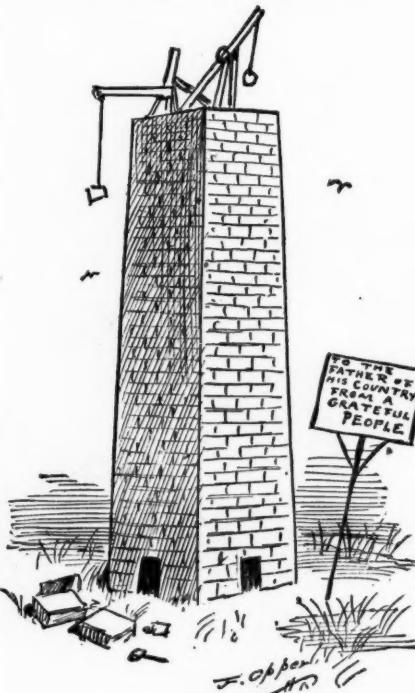
chant marine, the less said on the subject the better; indeed, but little can be said about it—there is not enough of it to hang any remarks on.

* * * Mr. Blaine and other patriotic statesmen seek to protect South American republics, and to initiate an American foreign policy. This is exceedingly noble and self-sacrificing on their parts as a short-cut to popularity; but it would be infinitely more desirable if they would bring their commanding talents to bear on questions of far greater moment. Why do they allow all the trade of the world to be in the hands of Great Britain? Why do they permit American products to be carried, even from our own shores, almost solely in English ships? Why must every passenger-line of steamers, with one unimportant exception, fly a foreign flag? The answer is simple enough.

* * * It is because we fatuously cling to a monstrously unjust and stupid system of protection, and still suffer our statute-book to be disgraced by antiquated and ridiculous navigation-laws. A foreign policy, by all means; but let us have some good reasons for adopting it. And the best of all reasons would be in having reciprocity with other countries, plenty of trade, and a navy to protect it. Then we should not have to go hunting round for a policy. The policy would come of itself, of necessity, in the nature of things, without our having to manufacture dignity to keep it up.

* * * We have said it is Washington's Birthday, and it would be as well, in making this truthful statement, to call attention to the annexed cut. It is not a fancy sketch, as it will be at once recognized. It sounds conventional to say that "Republics are ungrateful;" but there is more truth than conventionality in making such a statement with regard to the Washington monument. Would it not, out of very shame, be as well to complete it before going to work to erect a monument to the late President Garfield?

A TIMELY SKETCH.



A MONUMENT OF NEGLECT.

* * * We love to see all the nations of the earth happy, and yet some of them are sorely tried just now. England has her troubles with Ireland, while at the same time she holds influen-

tial meetings sympathizing with the outraged Jews in Russia. The brutal, ignorant, thick-headed despot, Mr. Alexander, of Russia, expresses sympathy for Irish Fenians, Land-Leaguers and rowdies, showing, at the same time, his animus against his Israelitish and Nihilistic subjects. Italy is desirous of getting rid of her lazzaroni and brigands, which gentlemen we can very well utilize in our street-cleaning department. She is also looking out for a market for her Jesuits, of which she has more than enough.

* * * Here, then, is a basis for an International Exchange, of which PUCK is prepared to be president. There can be several "calls" daily, and the supply, demand and market quotations can be duly noted and posted. England can send a cargo of Fenians to Russia, who can return the compliment by dispatching a shipment of Jews and Nihilists to Great Britain. There need be no extra charge for change of costume. Moses Levy, with the shillelah and dudheen of Paddy O'Rafferty, will probably be quite as presentable as Paddy O'Rafferty in the gaberdine of Moses Levy. Of course there will be certain classes of people who will always be a drug in the market.

* * * Avowed Jesuits who, somehow or other, have always a strong predilection for interfering in matters which do not concern them, have been very properly bundled out with little ceremony from every country worth living in. Uncle Sam, however, might manage to find use for them, if they will but behave themselves. They may not make particularly good street-cleaners; but with a judicious admixture with brigands, lazzaroni and organ-grinders, a desirable article may be the residuum. But they must not meddle with our public schools or with our system of government, and must keep their paws and noses out of the public crib. There are too many there already who, although not Jesuits, are first cousins to them.

* * * Indeed, there are scarcely any cast-off or neglected nationalities that we cannot find employment for. We only wish them to leave behind them their objectionable habits, and their childish and den oralizing mediæval and oriental superstitions, and to become Americans in the strict sense of the word. We can well dispense with Roman Catholic schools and hospitals, French schools and hospitals, German schools and hospitals, Hebrew schools and hospitals, and the different varieties of shades of Protestant schools, colleges and hospitals. These denominational institutions make bad blood, breed ignorance, narrow-mindedness and bigotry, and fan religious prejudices. We want school, college, hospital and every other institution thoroughly American. And if any one takes a fancy to any particular rule of faith, let him practise it as he pleases, but as unobtrusively as possible, without rendering himself directly or indirectly offensive to his neighbor.

* * * Many of the ills that afflict us are caused mainly by monopolists, who are allowed to order things pretty much their own way. It is monopoly that gives us the disgusting bobtailed cars, conductorless stages, dangerous elevated railroads, and collisions on surface roads. It is monopoly that makes a ring of municipal thieves in every city of importance in the Union. It is the power of the money of the monopolists that gives us bad laws, bad gas, bad food, bad office-holders, bad Congressmen and Legislators—bad everything. And Uncle Sam is like the bound Prometheus—his liver forming food for hungry vultures, while there is no friendly Hercules at hand to release him from his bonds and misery.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXII.

AN AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN.



the aw name of Parkes, Sir Henwy Parkes.

Loftus wites me Sir Henwy was knighted a few ye-ahs ago faw public services in the colony—I think it is called New North Wales, or something of that sort, and its pwincipal town is aw Sydney.

Sir Henwy has a weputation faw eloquence, and I dare say aw it is well deserved, faw he talked to me in extwemely choice phwases—at least so Jack Carnegie thought, who was with me in the libwarwy when Sir Henwy made his appearance.

He appe-ahs, howevah, to have some peculi-ah habits in his speech which, I suppose, can nevah be thorwoughly eradicated; but they do not affect his ability. So I have been informed by those who pwetend to be an authority on such mattahs.

Sir Henwy is what may be called a handsome man. He is tall and erwect, has a classical head and aw cwanium, wide nostwils, and hair almost as white as the aw dwiven snow. Loftus informs me pwivately that Parkes was a labor-wah, or a small shop-keepah, faw a long perwid, until he discovered that he could use his talents to much bettah purpose by devoting them to politics, and he had the opportunity of doing this when wesponsible government was inaugurated in the Australian colonies.

Wesponsible government, ye know, means an arwangement faw carwyng on wuling similiar to the regulations in Gweat Bwtain. There is a Governah sent by Queen Victorwia, who usually dwaws a large salarwy; there is an Uppah Chambah and a House of Assembly or Wepwesentatives, and a Ministwy which is always getting turned out or coming in again on widiculous questions. It is, Jack says, a perpetual stwuggle faw office, without any weal pwinciple or differewnce of opinion being involved. Sir Henwy's party is now in powah in his particulah colony, and he is Pwemier, and it is in this capacity that he pays a visit he-ah. I have no special objection to the Australian colonies, although they orwiginated in shipments of wretched convicts about a hundred ye-ahs ago; but they are wathah given to b-b-boasting.

They talk verwy much about their extwodinarwy pwosperwity, when it is notorious that they are twemendously in debt, their pwoperty being aw mortgaged half-a-dozen times ovah to Bwtish capitalists.

Then they have no aw population. Sir Henwy Parkes's colony, which is as large as England and Fwance, not having as many people as there are in Philadelphia, a village of extensive dimensions in the neighborhood of New York. Then we he-ah a gweat deal about their enormous forweign twade. This is not a mattah of surpise, faw Jack says there must be a large importation of manufaturwed goods, when the Australian colonists make nothing worth talking about faw themselves.

He furthah wemarks that if the Australianis elected their own Governahs, and did away with their degwading snobberwy and their vice-

wegal arwistocwatic nonsense, they would make much gweatah pwogress.

Sir Henwy wants the Australian waw mater-wial, such as wool, weceived he-ah fwee of duty. I know verwy little about such mattahs; but as he has shown enterpise in coming a gweat distance faw the purpose, I'm sure I hope he may succeed in carwyng out his object aw.

YES, CORDELIA.

YES, COY Cordelia, we have no doubt you are a poetess of great merit, and your assurance that you are only eighteen, and have written several sonnets for the Keokuk *Gazette*, are sufficient evidences of your skill; but, at the same time, we don't see how we can make room for you on the PUCK staff, as we have more poets than we can comfortably manage. Every one connected with this paper writes verse naturally, from the cashier down to the devil, and we must admit that the cashier possesses the sweetest key and gets off the loveliest notes extant. If you can rival the cashier, our dear little Cordelia, we may get you a big position, and we will sonnet the soft amethystine ripples of your hair, every rip, until you may justly fancy yourself eulogized from Eulogyville. There is nothing mean about us, Cordelia.

WILDE'S RHYMES ON WALTON THE PLUNGER'S MISFORTUNE.

.....	flush
.....	slush
.....	gutter
.....	utter.

F. C. M.

FATHER GANDER'S MELODIES.

Puck's Special Edition for Children of a Larger Growth.

VII.



Unhappy Johnny Kelly had a most unhappy Hall;

It was a very big thing, so it wasn't very small:

But one unhappy morning, (in the papers it was read,) Came the whole unhappy structure down on Johnny Kelly's head.

So then unhappy Johnny sat him down and said, said he:

"This comes quite near the Latin thing they call *felo de se!*"

Puckerings.

REJECTED articles PUCK ne'er returns: In spring he tears them, and in winter burns.

MRS. MACKEY has just paid twenty-five thousand dollars to M. Meissonier for a portrait. The tin-type business must be paying in France.

THE REPUBLICAN General Committee of King's County has approved Mayor Low's policy. This relieves Mr. Low from the painful necessity of committing suicide or hunting around after another policy.

MOVED BY the exceeding mildness of the weather, an esteemed contemporary says that "furs are a drug in the market." That is just what we were told when we tried to rehypothecate our ulster in the Bowery.

THE NEWEST foim of billiards is called "la baraque." A ball is shot through a doorway into a hole. This game was invented by a young lover out West, who had just had some personal experience with the father of his betrothed.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR says that when the earth dries up death will ensue. Proc. may be right on this point, but we must say that we began to experience life and felicity when the great astronomer dried up after a two-hours' talk about a year ago. That's where Dick has the bulge on the earth.

"IN BURMAH there is a tree which supplies the thit-see juice, which makes everything watertight," says an exchange. That is nothing. In Bourbon County, Kentucky, there is a plant which supplies a juice which has the same effect—at least, if we may judge from various experiments tried on the human body.

A YOUNG MAN recently proposed to a young lady and was accepted. On the following day he went to interview her father, and when that individual asked him how he was financially fixed, he said he did nothing in the winter, but that in the summer he was a Niagara Falls hackman. The old gentleman gave them the blessing in advance.

IT IS now that the dry-goods clerk begins to lay away a dollar per week for a vacation fund, and next summer, when he arrives in the country in a straw hat with a blue ribbon, and swell clothes, and a capital of twenty dollars, he will put on lots of style, and the girls will fancy he is either a railroad president or a defaulting bank official.

No, MR. ROBINSON, the British Government can not arrest the Governor of the State of New York, or the Speaker of the House of Representatives; because they mind their own business and stay at home. But if they were howling Irishmen, who came over here just to get naturalized for safety's sake, and then went back to preach sedition and treason within the British realms, they probably would get arrested, and a good job it would be.

A MAN SENDS in a poem which he says is an account of a row which he had with his wife's mother, who chased him through the wood-shed with a frying-pan. We don't think any true man would write poems on his mother-in-law. He would select a more beautiful subject; but this is not the worst. He says:

"You should have seen my mother-in-law dust O'er the shingles and the saw-dust—"

The Editor regrets, etc.

HIS FIRST HIGH HAT.

I met him in the crowded street—
 'Twas on a Sabbath morn—
 And on the gentle breezes sweet,
 Repentant, erring men to greet,
 The sound of bells was borne.

 He passed me with averted eyes,
 And stony downcast face;
 His mien was cold, his look was shy,
 His visage bore a crimson dye,
 And he quickened his tardy pace.

 What was it, you ask, that made him so?
 Ah! I can tell you that—
 It was not coldness, you must know,
 But woe, dear reader, mental woe:
 He had on his first high hat!

J. L. McCARTHY.

JASPERIAN ASTRONOMY.

NEW YORK,
 February 18th, 1882.

My dear old friend PUCK:

I have been devoting my leisure during the past some time or so to the unmitigated study of astronomy—on the Jasperian theory.

Jasperian astronomy!

Has a full, round, classical, unctuous sound, hasn't it? Not unlike the Copernican system or the Ptolemaic theory.

I am satisfied that this world is no longer round.

The absurdity of the Copernican theory has long been manifest to all thinking men.

No intelligent man now believes that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours.

Who turns it? Where is the crank?

Why, any one at all conversant with the laws of centrifugal force and motion, knows that every human being and every movable thing on the face of the earth would be sent flying off at a tangent, if the earth were a globe and revolved on its axis with the almost inconceivable velocity of seventeen miles a minute!

As an experiment, take a grindstone, three feet in diameter, and let some boy turn it at the rate of 11,475 times a minute, or about 200 times a second, and let a fly light on it, and see if he can hang on!

I guess not!

Then, if the earth were round, the water would all run off from the top, and everybody and every thing would be sliding down the sides, and nobody knows what would become of them.

Oh, no! Old Copernicus was good enough for his day, but we have got posted up now, and we know better.

Gallileo tried to rehabilitate the exploded Copernican theory two hundred years ago, and he got snubbed by the Pope.

You may depend upon it, the earth is *square*, and neither flat, as Ptolemy taught, nor round, as Copernicus and Gallileo would have us believe.

The principal reason, after all, why a belief in the revolution of the earth does not find a permanent lodgement in the mind of any well-fed and intelligent man, is that no one has, as yet, been able to find the crank by which it is turned.

Don't the almanacs say "sun rises" and "sun sets"?

How could the sun *rise* and *set* if it stood still? Why, it would set all the time and stay set. Then, the fact that the earth is square has been demonstrated to a nicety by the Rev. John Jasper himself, who has been to one of the corners, and climbed upon it and looked off.

When any man has gone right to the edge of the earth himself, and looked off, he knows what he is talking about.

Astronomers talk about the distance of the

CUPIDS PAST AND PRESENT.



THE LITTLE LOVE OF LONG AGO.



THE DARLING OF TO-DAY.

earth from the sun. Some say it is ninety millions of miles; some say ninety-five millions, and others that it is one hundred millions. The fact is, it is all guess-work.

Not one of them has ever paced it off. Except John Jasper and old Nigger Jackson; and they know all about it.

Oh, I tell you, the Jasperian system is founded on common sense. We need no geometer, nor astrometer, nor gas-ometer to make our measurements. We *pace* the distance, and thus secure greater accuracy. Our calculations do not depend on logarithms and troglodytes; not much. We have no use for algebra, geometry, trigonometry or phlebotomy.

It is our intention to found a college here in New York for the promulgation of the Jasperian System of Astronomy. All the most intelligent men of the age have given their adhesion to the new theory, and we expect they will give much more. We need about \$789,652.439, 782.15 to found the college and properly endow it. We hope to get the fifteen cents, anyway; and that is probably all we will get after paying the collectors their commission for collecting.

The Editor of the New York *Sun* gives special prominence to the consideration of the Jasperian system, and has published several interviews with the Rev. John and Nigger Jackson, and it is quite evident that he has been converted to the true philosophy.

The New York *Herald* has also had several favorable articles in its columns; and thus the movement moves on, getting strength with every fresh accession—the fresher the better; in fact, they cannot be too fresh to suit us.

I know I need not have a shadow of a doubt as to the loyalty of PUCK in this question. That the young man will array himself on the side of the right now, as he has ever done heretofore, and that he will do valiant battle for the Rev. Jasper's theory, as soon as it can be demonstrated that there is money in it, I am willing to bet my bottom dollar.

Which is also my top dollar. I am one of the committee to rake in funds for the Jasperian College, and I hope to make a good thing out of it. Nothing but cash received. Dead cats, old boots, cracked stove-lids, cold victuals, broken crockery and thawed-out ice-cream will not be received, even at par. We want nothing but cash, and much of it.

Yours Jasperiously,
 EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

AFTER WILDE.

IMPRESSION DU PORK-CHOP.

When winter howls about the house,
 And boys their frozen fingers suck,
 When early in the morn the duck
 Moves pondward for a merry douse,

When sails no lily on the lake,
 When sways no sunflower in the grove,
 I fancy on the kitchen-stove
 My lady turns the buckwheat-cake.

And rapture keen my vision tops,
 When I abed till ten have lain;
 For then I yell with might and main:
 "Ave Maria, fry the chops!"

IMPRESSION DU BULLDOG.

Flame-brindled harlequin, aright
 I read you, grim and lantern-jawed,
 Your jagged coupons, rudely chawed,
 Proclaim you travel on the fight.

Bow-legged champion of the town,
 You yawn and lick your chops in glee,
 And watch the cat ascend the tree
 Like lightning when you deign to frown.

You chew all enemies to pulp,
 And, 'neath the light of summer moons,
 The lover's doeskin pantaloons
 You swallow at a single gulp.

IMPRESSION DU COLLAR-BUTTON.

Somehow you always seem too small
 To rightly fit the buttonhole,
 O pearly disk, you rack my soul
 When down into my shoes you fall.

I lose you twenty times a week,
 And find you when I think you lost.
 When hunting you on morns of frost,
 What eulogies of peace I speak!

You wander coldly down my back,
 And o'er the carpet nimble stroll,
 Then underneath the bureau roll,
 And settle in the furthest crack.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S REVISED CONTINGENT FUND DICTIONARY.

CONTAINING A LIST OF ARTICLES ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO THE AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN.

WITH DEFINITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



Blotting-Paper.—[Goth. *blauthjan*; Sw. *plottra*; Dan. *plet*; Lat. *oblitero*.] A kind of paper made without size, serving to imbibe wet ink and thus prevent blots. Largely used as an advertising medium, and indispensable to the Congressman who wishes to keep a clean record. Here is some blotting-paper which a Congressman with a very nice record recently purchased and had charged to the Contingent Fund.



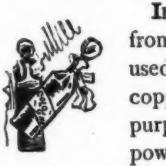
Diary.—[Lat. *diarium*, from *dies*, or day.] An account of daily events or transactions; a journal; a register of daily occurrences or observations. A book to contain the same. Generally neatly bound in leather, and of great use to contain notes of operations in addition, division and silence. This is a Contingent Fund Diary.



Dictionary.—[Fr. *dictionarye*; It. *dizionario*; Sp. *diccionario*, from Lat. *dictio*.] A book containing the words of a language, arranged in alphabetical order, with explanations of their meaning; a lexicon. Useful for Congressmen learning to spell; but looked on with contempt by some of them as not having full supply of swear words. A dictionary is also used for sitting on, especially if it is unabridged. As a missile it has been superseded by the inkstand. The cut represents a Contingent Fund Dictionary.



Envelope.—[Fr. *enveloppe*.] A wrapper, an inclosing cover; an investing integument. Investing integuments usually come in packs, and are valuable for covering up correspondence with gentlemen in the lobby business. No Congressman should be without envelopes. When they are charged in the Contingent Fund they look as in the above cut.



Ink.—[O. Eng. *enke, inke*; O. D. *encke, incke*; It. *inchiostro*, from *inchiudere*; L. *includo*.] A black liquor or substance used for writing, generally made of an infusion of galls, copperas and gum-arabic. It is especially adapted for the purposes of Congressmen owing to its ingredients, the power of the galls and the stickiness of the gum-arabic being exceedingly efficacious for the needs of this class of humanity. This is a Congressman's Contingent Fund Ink.



Mucilage.—[Fr. *mucilage*; Pr. *mucellage*; Sp. *mucilago*; L. Lat. *muccilago*, fr. Lat. *mucus*.] An aqueous solution of gum. Very rarely used by Congressmen, a method having been discovered of attaching things together without it. Some politicians and Congressmen find that greenbacks and other valuable commodities can stick to their fingers without the intervention of mucilage. The cut is a Congressman's Contingent Fund Mucilage.



Pencil.—[Fr. *Pinceau*; Sp. *Pincel*; Lat. *Peniculus*.] Any instrument formed of black lead or red or blue chalk or graphite, used for the purpose of writing. Pencils generally have the lead incased in cedar wood; but occasionally they are grown of rubber, with gold tips. No Congressman can get along without a pencil. He uses it to cipher down the pecuniary sacrifices he is making in his patriotic devotion to the interests of the country at large. This is a picture of the pencil lately ordered by a well-known Congressman.



Paper.—[Fr. and Pr. *papier*; D. and Ger. *papier*, from Lat. *papyrus*.] A substance in the form of thin sheets or leaves intended to be written or printed on, and made of a pulp obtained from rags, from straw, from bark, or like materials, pressed and dried.

Pen.—[Lat. *penna*; D. & Dan. *pen*; Sw. *penna*.] An instrument used for writing, formerly made of the quill of a goose or other bird; but now also of other materials, as of steel, gold, etc. Useful in writing orders for goods to be charged to the country. May be converted into a very dangerous weapon of the boomerang kind, if employed in noting transactions with lobbyists. This is a sketch of a Contingent Fund Pen.



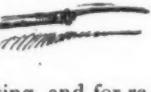
Penwiper.—A pocket-handkerchief for a pen; from *penna*, a feather, *viperia*, a viper. Penwipers are used for various purposes, especially for spoiling the nibs of steel pens, by getting fluff and fibre between them. The greatest penwiper on record was the man who whipped William Penn and then attempted to wipe the floor up with him. Penwipers can be made very expensive. This is a Congressman's very expensive Contingent Fund Penwiper.



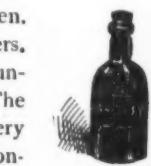
Ruler.—[Lat. *regulare*; O. Fr. *riuler*.] An instrument used in making straight lines. Would be more useful to Congressmen if it had the power of keeping things straight generally. Often employed by schoolmasters to enforce order; the Speaker is not provided with one. Rules are made of ivory, wood, metals, etc. Brass is the material in greatest demand in the House. Picture of Contingent Fund Ruler herewith.



Sealing-wax.—[From *seal* and *wax*.] A compound of the resin lac, with some less brittle resin, and various coloring matters, used for fastening a folded letter, and thus concealing or securing the writing, and for receiving impressions of seals set to instruments. Valuable in correspondence with government employees of the opposite sex. A good fastening for family washing sent through the mails. Looks imposing on replies to letters from elections. Annexed a superb representation of a stick of sealing-wax supplied by Contingent Fund.



Stationery.—[From Sanscrit. *Sla*, big, and Phoen. *Shunney*, profit.] The articles usually sold by stationers. So called in the Capitol because the articles sold there under that name are apt to produce a stationary effect. The above is a solid sample of the favorite kind of stationery on sale in the Capitol Building, and chargeable to the Contingent Fund.



Visiting-Card.—The derivation of this compound word is unknown, but the term is supposed to have been in use by the passengers on board Noah's Ark. Its original significance has been entirely lost, and it is now used in connection with whiskey, as an excuse for a number of friends spending an evening together in exchanging cards. The exchange often results in the depletion of the pockets of some of the players, the repletion of others, and the interchange of bad language as well as cards. The technical terms used in meetings of this kind are numerous, such as "a full hand," "three of a kind," "a straight," etc. This cut represents a Congressman's Contingent Fund Visiting-Card.



Wafer.—[O. Fr. *waufre, gaufre, goffre*; Ger. and D. *wafel*.] A thin leaf of paste, or a composition of flour, the white of eggs, isinglass and yeast, spread over with gum-water and dried;—used in sealing letters and other documents. Wafers are thin, but they are not as thin as the excuses of the general manager and directors of the "L" roads for not adopting the block system. Wafers can be used instead of sealing-wax, but you can't use sealing-wax for a wafer. The above cut represents a Congressman's Contingent Fund Wafer.



WHEN?

When will it come? Oh, heart, receive the question;
 When will the summer scale the farther hills,
 Bringing relief from crazing indigestion,
 Changing for fruits "McGuffin's Liver Pills"?

When will it come? When will the roses pinken?
 When from the sea will glide the river-shad?
 When will the soft wind swing the Bob O'Lincoln?
 When can we drop the golden liver-pad?

When will it come? No sunrise paints the morning;
 No tulips blaze adown the garden-way;
 No smile there is our lovely face adorning;
 No fun for us—we own no horse and sleigh!

EDWARD WICK.

HIS ACCOUNT.

Heard that West Virginia was the place to make a fortune in sheep-raising.

Got a lot of books about sheep, and borrowed some old Report Dept. Agric.; read the whole thing; was bewildered. Went to ticket-office and inquired whether the ticket-seller had tickets for any part of West Virginia. Looked at me in silent disdain; pitched me ticket; grabbed my money; slung my change at me; slammed his window shut. Felt quite awed and subdued; baggage-man chucked my trunk in car; started. Joke (in the style of *Punch*): Why is a sheep raiser like a beautiful day in midwinter? 'Cause he's a weather-breeder. Good as the average joke in the Editor's Drawer of a certain magazine, anyway. Quite exhausted, and woke in West Virginia; train off track; 'llowed to get it on soon; place called Veniceville; mountains all around; three log-cabins and a pig-sty. Being a temperance town, placed my bottle carefully in my breast-pocket. Met an Intelligent Native; talked sheep; told me "those mountains" were just the place for the business; asked what their name was; called them the Hogmush Range. Asked the Intelligent Native if he was a temperance man; said he was; eminently so; spoke pathetically on the subject for fifteen minutes; asked him to take a drink; went behind a rock, took several horns; (d)ram caught in the bushes, as it were—(another excellent joke, *Punch* style)—became confidential; sang "Mary had a little lamb," as *à propos* to the occasion. I. N. told me he had a fine flock of sheep to sell. Went to look at them; found them grazing on a pile of rocks, not with breeching on to feed down a steep hill, as they are alleged to do in other parts. Looked in one of my sheep books to see how a sheep looked compared with animals before me; bought them all, sixty, at four dollars a head. Owner begged me not to tell any one how cheap they were; great sacrifice, and so on. Swore not to; finished bottle; went to

supper; had corn-bread, bacon and coffee; slept in room with eight other people; stayed to breakfast; had corn-bread, bacon and coffee; stayed to dinner; had, etc.

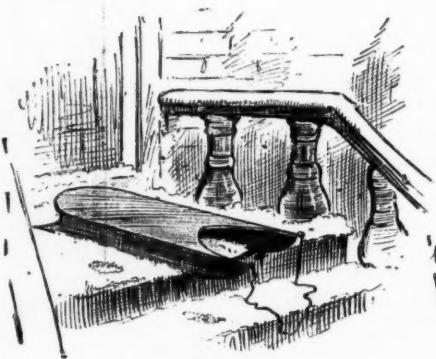
Bought a thousand acres of land next day; hired men to build fences. All wild mountain-land, covered with forest. Went out armed to the teeth; shot three squirrels; traveled all day; got lost on my own property. Turned up at a log-hut; stayed to supper; had corn, etc.; breakfast ditto. Lot of men building fence; sheep on property; wrote glowing letters home; spoke learnedly of the state of the South, home life of the people; talked of the Southern Gentleman, *K. T. &*; ate some corn-bread, bacon and coffee, and went to bed; bought a lot more sheep. Few days after went out to look at them; found one lying down; asked a man pretending to build fence what was the matter with it; said he reckoned it had the "rot;" asked him why it wouldn't stand up; said that sheep, when they got down, didn't care whether they lived or not; fatalists, possibly; grabbed it by the back and set it on its legs; wobbled a little and moved on; felt indignant that a four-dollar sheep should be so indifferent toward its owner's pocket; saw about a dozen more rubbing against rocks and sticks; asked my fence-builder; said they had ticks; caught one and showed me fearful-looking monsters all over it; said to wash them in tobacco-water. Went to buy some county tobacco; owner very suspicious; thought I was revenue-officer; was a "pore man," etc.; talked nineteen to the dozen with him; asked me to dinner; had some corn-bread, bacon and coffee; gave me the tobacco with strong misgivings; hurried back; sheep with rot dead as a hammer; made infusion and soaked the others; about twenty more coughing "fit," as my fence-builder said, "to bust." "I'llowed they'd die, too;" about twenty more badly in want of handkerchiefs—cannot put it plainer. Fence-builder suggested tar; bought a barrel and gave every one of them a dab on the nose of it; don't know whether they liked it or not. F. B. said that I ought to skin the dead sheep; pelt was worth half-a-dollar; offered to show me how to do it. Phew-w-w-w! Told him he could have it, if he wanted it; smiled grimly and went on skinning, having no more sense of smell than a Neapolitan, apparently. Went in to supper; smelled like a wool-factory; had some corn-bread, bacon and coffee, and went to bed. Found ten sheep dead in morning; fence-builder 'llowed that Intelligent Native had sold me a lot of old sheep; heard from other parties that it was so; went down to interview I. N.; he was "not at home." By advice of fence-builder, turned sheep into the woods; next day small boy came in to tell me that sheep with my mark were down at Pumphandle Creek, ten miles off; rode down with two assistants and got back thirty—one

missing. Wrote home letters about advantages of West Virginia as a sheep-raising district; touched on the negro question, spoke of the great future of W. Va.; ate some corn-bread, etc., and went to bed.

Spent the next morning pulling wool off dead sheep—not an exhilarating pursuit; am getting accustomed to ticks now; always approved of the tick system (uproariously good thing for the Editor's Drawer); thought pensively of the fair women who might perhaps wear this wool when worked up into cloth. Fence-builder broke in on my meditations by saying that "this h'yer wool was so hairy 'tw'a'n't worth nothin'." I suggested that we might stick it in with a lot of good, and swindle some innocent buyer. Thus do even the good become corrupt when the demon of avarice—Fence-builder says that it's hard to fool wool-buyers; tells extraordinary stories of their superhuman sagacity; begin to regard the fence-builder as a necessary nuisance. Am covered with ticks; F. B. says no matter, they soon die on a human being; feel this to be hardly complimentary to man; gratified, nevertheless. *

* Getting on to lambing time, weather having been perfectly serene, changes suddenly, cold rain, ice forms on trees. Have sent for ten gallons of whiskey, and hired the fence-builder as assistant, to play demon to my pickaxe—(suppose this is funny, as I once saw it in *Punch*.) Lambs commence to arrive in the worst weather. Climb a steep hill at midnight with the F. B.; lantern goes out; use a box of matches lighting it again; drop bottle and smash it. Find three fine ewes, just killed by dogs; hear a lamb caterwauling; find it all wet; deserted by its mother; carry it to house, and try to bring it up by hand; dies promptly. Go out early in morning; still raining; lambs dead in every direction; ewes indifferent; stupidest animals in creation. Fence-builder, having paid great attention to the whiskey, incoherent; wethers breaking out of bounds in every direction; more sheep dead. Write that evening glowing letters North on Sheep-Raising in West Virginia when Conducted with Skill and Intelligence. Have offer from a man for farm and stock; close at once; wish him joy of it. Weather beautiful; out of eighty lambs born, seventy-five dead, and the other five living by sheer hard work; sheep wandering all over the country; buzzards and ravens thicker than leaves in Vallambrosa; count up profit and loss. Let us draw that veil. Shake the whiskey-keg and find it empty; fence-builder gone home for a visit; wrote letter to Northern friend, showing the Great Advantages of Sheep-Raising when Conducted on Common Sense Principles, and giving the figures—from books. Ate some corn-bread, bacon and coffee, and took the train North.

A WINTER IDYLL.



This is the way
Little Johnny Gray
Left his sleigh.



This is the way
Busy Mr. Gray
Met the sleigh.



This is the way
The fiery, untamed sleigh
Landed Gray.

A WARNING.

The Eddithur of PUCK—Sir:

Phwin vinnimous riptioles roise to throw stones at the risplendent glory of that country made dark and gloomy be the saycret arts of open brutality on the part of England, it becomes my joaty and my pride to defend her, basely scorning her inimies.

PUCK does not dale squarely wid us, and the raison is as plain as the spots on the sun to the naked oi.

PUCK is bought an ped for be British gold. A traitor is walking in our midst, but we will unearthen him. An American journal stoops to dhrink the gore of Oireland to the clink of British bank-notes!

Oh! for shame!

Oh! that some vast earthquake, bearing on its forehead curses against toyrrants, moight burn you wid shame!

Pause and think how you are crushing the blasted hopes of Oireland—of how your vinom, your harsh rourrads, are depriving of happiness and of loife those unhappy corpses now perishing of hunger, under the iron-shod heel of the British lion!

Do not think that your journal, being humorous, is any the less grave and sad.* Far from it!

Trate Oireland and her wrongs just as you would trate America and her rights—wid patriotic defoyance, wid noble scorn! I write now as a friend; but the day may come whin I shall write wid a pin of foire in letters of blood.†

Very respectfully,

Your obedient humble servant,
KELLY O'GOLLAGHAN.

AMUSEMENTS.

These are the last nights of "The Colonel," at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE,

"Patience," STANDARD THEATRE—STANDARD THEATRE, "Patience," etc.

"Odette," at DALY'S THEATRE, is pursuing its prosperous career. We expect no changes in Mr. Daly's programme this season.

"Youth" was produced last Monday night at WALLACK'S THEATRE, and we shall have something to say about it at an early opportunity.

Haverly's Opera Company is the reigning attraction at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn. It will soon be difficult to mention anything theatrical that is not Haverly's.

Eight hundred and seventy-six million, four hundred and seventy-eight thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eighth time of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Look out for Patti, in "Traviata," Monday night, at OLD WALLACK'S THEATRE. We know of no better way of investing a ten-dollar bill, unless it be to take two year's subscription to PUCK. "Il Barbiere" to follow.

Mr. George H. Jessup's successful drama, "Sam'l of Posen," is filling HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE with people bent on laughing at Mr. M. B. Curtis's amusing characterization of the honest and shrewd Hebrew "drummer."

It was very baliful last night, the Arion Society's Grand Masquerade having come off at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. It is more difficult to describe a ball than a battle, and we shall not therefore make the attempt; but it was a triumph for the Arioners, as usual.

"A Celebrated Case," at HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN, is admirably played, and has, deservedly, met with much success; the performances of Messrs. James O'Neil, Morrison, Magnus, and of the Misses Granger and Guion contributing much to this desirable consummation.

The Martha Washington Reception came off on Monday night at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. A large sum must have been raised for the charity for which it is instituted. Mr. Charles Chamberlain, Jr., was as efficient in his management of the press-room, etc., as he was ubiquitous.

Harrigan and Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE is not large enough to hold all the individuals who are anxious to form the audiences to listen to the pearls of wisdom that flow from the mouths of Messrs. H. & H., in Edward Harrigan's masterpiece of lofty dramatic art, "Squatter Sovereignty."

The rumor that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are writing a new play for Messrs. Birch and Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS may be true or false; but in any case they ought to see "Patients" before they do it, and to take in "The Yankee College Boys," class '82, and other classical joys at the same time.

From Boston Ideals, BOOTH'S THEATRE now surrenders its stage to Etelka Gerster and her Italian opera army, under the management of the veteran Strakosch. She appeared as Lucia on Monday last, and to-night will give us "la Somnambula," with herself as Amina; Thursday, "il Flauto Magico;" Friday evening, "un Ballo in Maschera;" Saturday, "Faust."

* We never got this straight before. Thanks!
† Do, please; any change of pens and letters will improve your writing.

"ET TU, BENNETT!"



"But the 306 never came before the people. They were beaten in the Convention. Is that anything to be boastful about? Is it not heaping ridicule on themselves to celebrate their absurd miscalculation of public opinion and party opinion by dinners and medals? *** Our advice to the 306 is to 'sing small.' They were beaten at Chicago, and deserved to be beaten."—*N. Y. Herald*, Feb. 13th, 1882.

The little ones were happy on the night of Monday week last; for they were gorgeously and airily attired, and were gracefully and picturesquely grouped, marched and countermarched about the stage of the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, until they formed a very respectable vision of beauty. The affair was very well conducted, and Professor Marwig deserves much credit for his efforts, although we cannot say we wholly approve of such exhibitions.

Mr. Young's tragedy, "Pendragon; or, The Knights of the Round Table," is a clever and dignified work, and made a profound impression on the first-night audience at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. It was, indeed, a great day for old Tennyson, Arthur, Launcelot, Guinever and all the Arthurian heroes whom he has endowed with life in his poems, moving about and conversing in an enterprising and natural manner. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, as Arthur, as usual, was quite too painfully in earnest; so that it was a relief, both for himself and the audience, when the curtain fell on his struggles.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received the *North American Review* for March, and a right lively number it is. Senator Edmunds tells what he knows about the Guiteau Trial, while General Noyes spreads himself on the progress of the French Republic. Then Judge Thomas comes on with an intelligent talk on "Trial by Jury," after which John Fiske does his great high-jumping act, clearing eight elephants and kicking a hat out of the hand of a man standing on six barrels and a chair. His performance is called "The True Lesson of Protestantism." William Justin Harsha gives us a little "Law for the Indians" in a sinewy manner, which shows how carefully he has studied the wild aborigine of the dime-novel of our childhood. Professor A. B. Palmer then steps before the footlights and emits about four yards of the "Fallacies of Homoeopathy," and then comes Neal Dow with a prohibitory article, which tells how to mix beverages, and should be carried by every lover of fancy drinks when he goes into the country. There are no fashion or puzzle departments this month, and the Checker Editor is evidently unwell.

The midwinter edition of *Potter's American Monthly* is the best number ever issued of this popular periodical.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She will celebrate.

ED. H.—We can supply all numbers from 132 to date.

LE DOOK.—We will gladly tell you what, in our opinion, is the best top-dressing for potatoes, if you will first explain to us what top-dressing is, and why potatoes need dressing on top only. Perhaps, on the whole, you had better apply to the cook of some first-class restaurant for the desired information.

T. Y. ROE.—You are a blessing to the world. The batch of merry jests you have sent us will make a splendid nucleus for a Museum of Prehistoric Antiquities. Go off somewhere—somewhere very far off, T. Y. Roe, and found that museum.

MUCKLE.—"What is necessary to enter a six-day-race?" Nothing much. A little self-confidence and an opulent idiot who will put up the stake-money. But you will have to rustle around pretty lively and bring your capitalist to the front without delay, for the six-day-race business is waxing ancient, and if you hold on much longer, you may find yourself entering a championship match all by yourself, for the gate-money and a soupticket.

N. C.—For the benefit of others we print your letter:
SCITUATE, Mass., Feb. th, 1882.

"Answers for the Anxious."

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

The above head has been running in your paper for some time. Will you kindly inform us if it is intended to read:

Answers for the Anxious,

or

Answers for the Curious?

NO CHARGE.

This is an Answer for the Curious. Send us a Spring poem, and you will get an Answer for the Anxious.

OH, YES! I'll give you the block system on the Elevated roads, and permit you to feel perfectly secure when you are traveling on them, if the Imperial Cyrus will permit me.

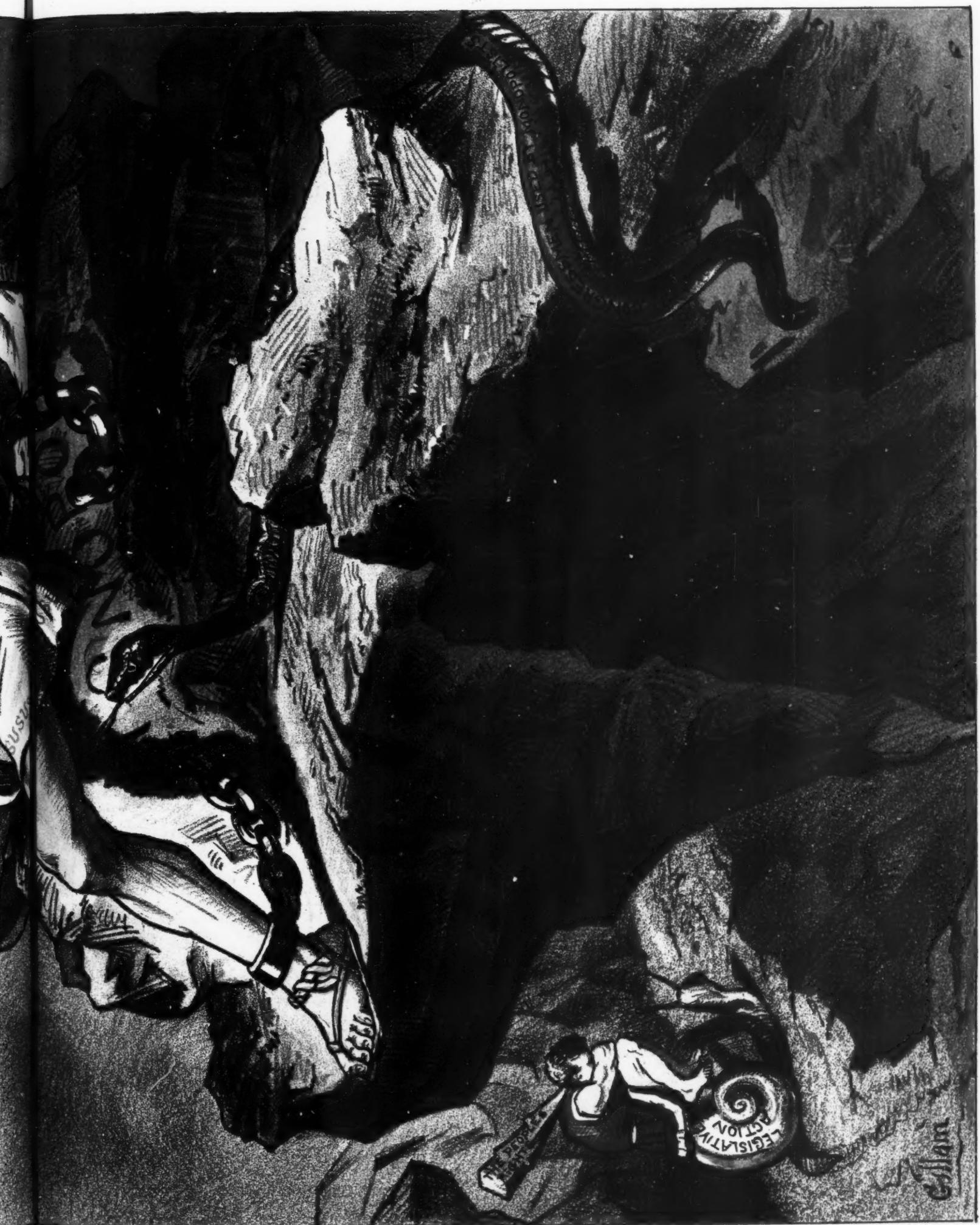
—Col. H. F. Kain.

FUCK.



THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

[Prometheus was Condemned to be Bound to a Rock, where, until Delivered from his Painful Confinement by Hercules, a Bird of Prey was to Feed upon his Liver.]



REJECTED PICTURES FROM THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—No. I.



A STUDY OF AN INTERIOR."

"DRAWING OF CANAL-BOAT."
[After Amulc.]

"A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE."

ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

TO THE HON. V. HUGO DUSENBURY, Professional Poet.

Houston, Texas, February 18th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I undertake to bring one of your contributors to task. I allude to V. Hugo Dusenbury. His stridulous compositions have jingled without hindrance too long. He is gaining too much fame, while I am counted as an inferior worshiper at the shrine. But I have gained my laurels in a legitimate way. I have penned tender strains and suffered a poet's pangs. Winter is my time for suffering. I'm at it now, for the caboose-car affords but poor shelter from the storms, and it will be several months before Spring spreads the lilies and the sage-brush for the boys. I have wrestled with boarding-house keepers and have been deeply taxed to keep a stiff upper-lip.

Have I not been an unwilling witness to worth and merit, (in my own person,) coupled with refined feelings, basely scorned and constantly ignored?

Even disquisitions on harmony, beauty and the *belles-lettres* have been ineffectual in having coffee and hot rolls trotted to the front door. I judge I am entitled to a poet's badge.

V. Hugo Dusenbury has had a monopoly of this thing too long. You have been compelled to take his goods because there is a shortage on this year's crop of poems. I desire him to know that I am in the ring.

I had better give you a sample of my ware. It is marked "Exhibit A."

If the trick suits you, kindly favor me by remitting a sufficient amount to take up a few trifling evidences of a poet's indulgence in draughts of Hippocrene. I yielded to the tempter and partook; but, when the libations had ceased, I liquidated the debt by executing a bankable paper. But poverty, the twin-brother of poesy, has forced me to ignore the little bill. My entrance into the lists as an active poet will advance your interests, while at the same time it will take the conceit out of Dusenbury. It will bring about competition, and where there is competition you get your poesy cheaper; of course, if the market be glutted by the machinations of mean-spirited and designing poets, the business ceases to be remunerative to legitimate producers. There is plenty of room for A1 poets, and if Mr. Dusenbury does the right thing by me, I shall not immolate him on the altar. I wish to learn if he means to tote fair or cut rates against me.

At present he has a slight advantage over



A "WASH" ON A "PLAQUE."

me. He has got his work in on the public, and he has got his hand in. But here's my idyll: [“Exhibit A.”]

A WINTER'S IDYLL.

When the lone owl croaks her loud whoop,
And the low, chill breeze moans by,
When the padlock's off the chicken-coop,
And the birds not roosting high—
When the soul, with eager yearning
To eclipse all dairing deeds,
When lights have all ceased burning,
To dislodge some bird proceeds—
Then this bird's outrageous puling,
Waking midnight's dread alarms,
Brings the watch, who, round me fooling,
Finds the bird within my arms.
What if flowers afar are blooming?
Or if lilies scent some glade?
And the aesthetic Muse be boozing?—
I serve in the mud brigade.
If the satrap standing near me,
Urging haste and furious zeal,
Would improve his time to hear me
Tell what souls of poets feel,
He would check my sad heart's drooping,
And give Freedom's cause a boost;
Nor bar poets' e'er from swooping
On each lonesome pullet-roost.
But when nears the welcome gloaming,
Or when day hath left the stage,
He enthused, yet with me roaming,
Should a poet's thirst assuage.

You notice I call the above "A Winter's Idyll," for although all idylls, with here and there a sporadic exception, belong to the summer-time, I can't be fooling my time away looking ahead for summer, and thereby enabling Dusenbury to get steeped deeper in reputation. The truth of the matter is the foregoing gentleman is a personal monody. It's a delicate subject, though.

But I am not putting in my best licks here; this is simply thrown out as a bait to the unwary Dusenbury. I want him to come at me. When he does, you will hear reverberations of cannon as I rake him fore and aft.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN A. KAY.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCC, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXXI.—Mrs. Lot Sums up the Country.

April had come and was flitting. The landlord, who had been worrying me for some time in order to find out my intentions with regard to a rehiring of the house, had become angry, and had stated that I must give him a positive answer in three days. I did not blame the landlord. I myself dislike a man who cannot make up his mind. That, however, was not the difficulty in my case. I found it a comparatively easy thing for me to make up my mind, but I could not make up Mrs. Lot's. When the landlord had, as I have remarked, issued his fiat, I tackled Mrs. Lot.

"My dear," said I: "the landlord has given us three days in which to come to a conclusion. Now, shall I hire this house for another year?"

"Haven't you had enough of your rural retreat yet?" asked she.

"Enough!" ejaculated I.

"Yes," responded she: "We have lived here now during a whole year; but, of course, if you insist on it, we must stay."

I was actually stupefied. I had been dragged into the country against my will merely to satisfy a whim of my wife's. I had always infinitely preferred the city as a place of residence.

"But, my dear," I expostulated: "I never desired to move into the country."

"Never desired to!" exclaimed she: "Well, I declare! How did we get here, then?"

"Why—"

"Didn't you hire this house?" she interrupted.

"Well—"

"Of course you did," she again interrupted.

"But, my dear, I hired it because you wanted to live in the country, and you would have your own way."

"Why did you let me have my own way, then?" she asked.

That took my breath away. I was too much astonished to answer.

"What is a husband for, I should like to know," she continued: "except to explain to a woman what she should do, and to prevent her from having her own way, if it is not the right way?"

Was such stuff ever spoken before? I confess that my usual equanimity entirely abandoned me. I was actually stupefied by her words. Why, I might as well have tried to empty the Atlantic Ocean with a leaky tomato-can, or to have

REJECTED PICTURES FROM THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—No. II.



"A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE."



"STILL-LIFE STUDY."



AN "OPAQUE SPATTER" ON A "TILE."



"CALVES CROSSING A STREAM."

measured the height of Mount Chimborazo with an inch-rule, as to have tried to prevent Mrs. Lot from having her own way, when she had made up her mind. When I was younger and greener I confess that I had a vague and ridiculous notion, obtained doubtless from Sunday-school books, that a husband is the head of the house; but that idea vanished with the mists of the first morning of the honeymoon. At a very early period in our matrimonial career Mrs. Lot would apparently allow me to convince her, but she would quietly do as she pleased. After we had become better acquainted with each other, however, she developed a faculty of assuring me that I did not know what I was talking about, and of taking her way openly, without even pretending to be convinced. Now I had, in reality, made a most vigorous and persistent fight against a migration to the country, and had submitted to the inevitable only after Mrs. Lot had positively made up her mind that we should reside in the country. Napoleon once said that, in battles, Providence is on the side of the heaviest artillery; but in domestic broils, it is my opinion that Providence is on the side of the largest and most active tongue. And here, notwithstanding that I had yielded to her tongue, my wife was charging me with having selected the country as an abiding-place.

As soon as I had recovered from my stupefaction, I resolved to vindicate myself in that calm and logical manner for which I am famous in all discussions, except those held with my better-half.

"My dear—" said I.

She knocked all the logic out of my argument quicker than a streak of lightning could scalp a bald-headed man on a very dark evening.

"There," said she: "it's useless for us to bicker about what is past. You may have your views; you usually do. Well, I have mine, also."

"And you usually do," I interrupted.

"Now the simple question is," continued she, without the slightest regard to my interruption: "shall we remain in this house for another year?"

I did not propose to help her out, and so I remained perfectly quiet. She waited for a moment for me to express my views; but as I said nothing, she went on in a rather mild way, for her, and occasionally glanced at my face, as if seeking encouragement for her views there.

"I can't say," said she, beginning, like a woman, as far from the real question as possible: "that I particularly enjoy the society here."

Then she paused and looked at me, as if she expected me to agree with her at once. I was as stolid as a tobacconist's sign.

"And there are certainly a great many of the conveniences of civilized life that we miss here."

She halted, but I was as silent as a German gentleman, chockfull of lager, if that is possible.

"And half the time one can't go out of the house because there is so much snow, or slush, or mud."

I looked at her with the placid expression of a boiled fish.

"And the singing at the church isn't good, and the pastor isn't very energetic, and the women here wear styles that are three or four years old, and they don't appreciate my good clothes, and one can't go shopping, and, if one does, one can't find anything at the shops, and—"

She halted and looked at me. She might as well have gazed at the statue of Memnon, so far as any expression of encouragement or discouragement on my face was concerned.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked, sharply.

"My dear," said I: "I thought you were running this thing entirely by yourself. Though I say it to your face, I must add that you are arguing the thing superbly. I'd advise you to go right on to the conclusion."

"I don't want to stay here any longer," she said, with a little pathos in her voice.

"But, my dear—"

"Now please don't argue," interrupted she: "I really don't want to stay here."

"Nor I."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in astonishment: "I thought that you might."

"Not at all," I answered: "I am delighted to shake the dust of the country off my boots."

"Oh!" exclaimed she: "then it's all right!"

"And I can tell the landlord—"

"Tell the landlord," interrupted she: "that he can take his old house and keep it, for we have had a genteel sufficiency of it."

That was very satisfactory as far as it went. I hastened to the landlord so as to inform him of Mrs. Lot's determination before she could change her mind. However, as the first of May was rapidly approaching, I felt that another step must be taken.

"My dear," said I to my wife one evening, as we sat in our sitting-room: "I have told the landlord."

"That's right."

"On the first of May," continued I: "we shall find ourselves on the sidewalk. Now, personally, I have no objection to camping out, but I don't believe you are adapted to that sort of thing. What do you propose to do?"

"Well, I should like," she said, and I knew by her tender tones, which recalled the blissful days of our honeymoon, that she intended to make some startling request: "I should like to board for a little while, and then—"

I said nothing as she paused, for my heart leaped in my bosom. Any fellow of a logical turn of mind can prove that, if you do not keep house, you do not have your mother-in-law around. If we boarded, my estimable ma-in-law would be compelled to return to the home of her son. I pitied the son from the bottom of my heart, but then a whole year of mother-in-law without a break is too much unalloyed bliss for any man, and it's only fair that, at the end of a year of such happiness, some other fellow should have a chance at that luxury. It was, then, with my blandest smile that I asked:

"And then?"

"I want to go to Europe," she blurted out, while a blush rose to her cheek.

"To Europe!" I exclaimed, really astounded.

"Now," she said, appealingly: "you know we can go just as well as not. You can afford it and spare the time now, and I've never been, and you've never been; and you've said many times that you want to go, and everybody who is anybody goes, and I want to go."

She stopped to catch up with her breath, and I shook my head gravely.

"I do want to go," she said, looking into my face with the expression of countenance which, ere she was Mrs. Lot, used to make my heart beat against my ribs to such an extent that I feel sure that those ribs must have been well polished: "and Georgie has promised to take care of our boy while we are away."

"Oh, it's all arranged, then?" I remarked.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone: "I thought you wouldn't refuse such a trifling request."

I actually feared that tears would come into her eyes, and so I hastily said:

"Oh, if it's all arranged—"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, eagerly.
"I suppose we must go," I added, calmly.
"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost overcome with emotion.

Then she rose from her chair and actually kissed me. What a woman she is! Sometimes she puts her foot down and says so shall be so, and sometimes she makes sport of my wise sayings, and sometimes she is all softness and gentleness, and tries to wheedle what she wishes out of me. The trouble is that you can never be certain which tack she will take. Well, she is a very charming woman, and even her obstinate desire to have her own way does not diminish my affection for her. For a few moments she sat perfectly quiet, enjoying her happiness. Then she looked upon me again.

"Ma would like to go with us," she said, timidly.

"Never!" cried I, bounding to my feet: "If your mother goes, I don't."

"Oh, well," said she, hastily: "I only thought—"

"Never!" ejaculated I, sternly.

Nothing more was said on that subject. Mrs. Lot knows when I can be cajoled and when it is my foot that is set down.

QUESTION in a French journal: "When a lady receives a visit from a gentleman, ought she to rise or remain seated when the visitor enters and when he takes his leave?" If the lady lives in Washington, says an American paper, she will rise, without regard to Parisian etiquette, and accompany him as far as the hall, to see that he doesn't carry off a ten-dollar ivory-handled umbrella in place of the dollar-and-a-half cotton one usually carried by visiting statesmen.

EXCUSE me, Miss Malony, but may I inquire what this arrangement means that you have hung up on the kitchen wall?" "Oh, that? Sure an' it's a dado, mum, and just wait till you see the beautiful paycock's feather I'll be asther hanging above the dure. It's issthetic I am, mum, if you plaze, and my yallery greenery young man's comin' here to take tay wid me this evening." —*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

WHY didn't you tell him you were the sheriff? Then he'd have gone with you peacefully?" That's what they said to the officer who had engaged in a fearful tussle with a man he wanted to jail. "Why?" he retorted: "Hang it, I was suffering for a fight. Hadn't had one for six months; and that was the only way I could get one without being arrested and fined for it." Don't set a man down as a crank till you known his motives.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a fond father presents his son with a new hand-sled, nothing pleases him so much as to find it at the bottom of the kitchen steps when he goes to the woodshed at night after coal, and have it rear up and throw him into the corner, with his head in the coal-scuttle and his mind in a condition no one can describe.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

WE WOULD like to bet a few dollars that when the North Pole is discovered by the explorers they will find that it is covered all over with patent medicine advertisements and plug tobacco labels.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE kind-hearted farmer can easily be detected. When it is very cold, he takes the blanket off his wife's shoulders and puts it over his horses, when he comes to town in his wagon.—*Texas Siftings.*

BECAUSE a man has his pockets filled with newspapers, you must not suppose him a journalist; he may have something besides them in his pocket.—*Rochester Express.*

"OH! for a better-half!" said the sorrowing widower when he found a counterfeit fifty cent piece among his change.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

It's funny! but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey; while a man, with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp-dance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

OSCAR AND CLARA. If Clara Morris reciprocates the passion of O. Wilde, there is going to be an earthquake, that's all.—*Elmira Free Press.*

PATTI TRAVELS with thirty-three trunks. Patti, it may be superfluous to add, does not perform in the ballet.—*Norristown Herald.*

NIGHTMARE.

They all climbed up on a high board fence—
Nine little goblins with green-glass eyes—
Nine little goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince-pies,

And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat—
And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his head
With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear
And rasped its claws in his hair so red—
"This is what this little arm is for!"

And he scratched and stared, and the next one said,
"How on earth do you scratch your head?"

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge—
Laughed and laughed till his face grew black,
And when he choked, with a final twinge
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

And the third little goblin leered round at me—
And there were no lids on his eyes at all—
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,
"What is the style of your socks this fall?"
And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to see
That he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a bald-faced goblin, gray and grim,
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,
And paste them over his upper lip;
And then he moaned, in remorseful pain:
"Would to Gawd I'd me brows again."

And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
Singing the songs that they used to know—
Singing the songs that their grandfathers sung
In the goo-goo days of the goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare—
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap, too,
As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang: "You're a fool! There is no board fence,
And never a goblin with green glass eyes!
'Tis only a vision the mind invents

After a supper of cold mince-pies!
Yet still you are doomed to dream this way,
Till along toward dusk of the Judgement Day."

J. W. Riley, in Southbend Tribune.

THE CREAM-CAKE.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for the sick, bereaved,
Is in all hills and hollows;
The notices to date received
Upon it are as follows:

PUCK'S ANNUAL, 1882. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann.

In his usual merry mood, PUCK comes this year astride the beam of a wayward star—over a pathless track from somewhere, with his budget filled to overflowing of humorous drollery and scintillating wit and biting satire. Where he comes from may never be known. What is the spirit that gave him to us may not be sought out. He is the strange, elfish creature that older ages saw only in cope and wood at eventide, when the gloaming mellowed the landscape and excited the imagination, whose superstitions peopled nature with beings good or bad.

If any nation owes the confession of fatherhood to the sprightly creature whose Annuals are yearly prophecies of what weekly visits we may expect, it is undoubtedly America. There is the same irreverence exhibited in PUCK as is shown by Young America; the same unheeding fanaticism of radicalism, that pays honor to nothing in the present, but can lift the finger of scorn, or show disdain

or contempt, and even the cynicism of sarcasm—and make us laugh all the while.

Yet, preposterously, PUCK is serious. He unveils for us the sham of the pretentious present, the shabbiness of assumed gentility, the utter rottenness of simulated honesty, the dishonor of honor, and the disgrace of respectability. His is not the lantern to hunt an honest man, but his is the mission to expose the rascallities of society, the emptiness of arrogance, the vanity of official superiority—and while we smile and laugh he stands gravely by, and mutely chides us that we do not see him weep.

PUCK has struck a chord in the American heart which vibrates in sympathy with the harper that first attuned it. He seems to be bearing the lofty commission of humor, to "shoot folly as it flies," to rebuke the wickedness of the wicked, the vanity of the vain, the pride of the proud, the nothingness of the giddy and self-satisfied—in short, to be PUCK.—*Potter's Monthly.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL is fairly brimming this year with good things. Its almanac is full of delicious humor, its imitations of certain distinguished writers both unmistakable and amusing, the stories and parodies are full of wit and humor. When the market is flooded with so many would-be humorous publications, which tend more to disgust than amuse, it is quite a relief to get hold of something you can so genuinely enjoy as PUCK'S ANNUAL.—*T. B. Dorse, in Baltimore Every Saturday.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is just out. The publication is well up to perfection. It is full of humorous matter, written expressly for its pages. It is illustrated by Keppler, Opper and others, while its literary matter is furnished by brilliant writers. It is rich with good things.—*White-hall Times.*

The cover of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 has an illuminated picture of the little fellow astride of a blazing comet. Within the covers there are several lively and amusing sketches and verses, illustrated, and the horoscope for the year is particularly spicy.—*Waterbury American.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL—now in its third edition—is such a valuable publication that it is thought that Senator Miller, of New York, will introduce a resolution in Congress asking that it be published monthly and a copy sent to every family in the United States.—*Norristown Herald.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is, if possible, brighter and funnier than ever. The noted events and prophecies for any one month are worth the price of the whole. It is decidedly the best of the humorous "almanacs."—*Pioneer Press.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 has just put in an appearance. It is as funny as ever, and just as indispensable in every well-regulated family.—*Bangor Commercial.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is fully up to the usual standard of excellence, and contains scores of amusing stories.—*Art Amateur.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for this year is certainly very funny, the running remarks attached to the almanac proper being as good as anything from Josh Billings.—*Elmira Free Press.*

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without CASTORIA;
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

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"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

A METHOD has been discovered recently by which good walking-shoes can be made from leather. This will have a tendency to relieve the great strain on the pasteboard market.

"WHOM shall we try next?" asked the district-attorney. "Try Ginsing's root-pills and porous-pad for the liver," solemnly said a traveling medicine-man in the audience, and the court-room was cleared in a minute.

MR. ROBINSON indignantly wants to know "if we want to hear the groans of American prisoners above the tinkle of our goblets of champagne?" Of course we don't. It's very annoying. Tell'em to quit groaning this instant, or they'll have to be gagged.

THE new cover of the *Century Magazine* is an improvement on the old one. The old one, as near as we could understand, was a map representing the internal economy of the human system in a state of siege, induced by a sudden attack of cholera morbus. The new design is very unique. In the foreground, a lady who is ruining a petty cash-book by leaning on it, has an old-fashioned lard-lamp with a rag wick, with which she is evidently looking for the bridge of her nose, which is gone. She is outdoors, the aurora borealis gleams brightly in the northern sky, and her throat and chest are exposed to the night air in such a reckless manner that if croup has not already marked her for its own, it is because diphtheria has filed a prior claim. In the corner a thinly-clad young man, whose shirt has evidently gone to the pawn-shop to look after his trousers, has been fishing and caught a whole five-gallon jar-full of trout; but he is emptying the jar of its finny treasures that he may milk the unsuspecting goat nibbling the bark of a dog-wood tree nearby. It isn't the kind of a goat to milk, too; but the young man will not find that out until he has begun operations and made the first assessment.—Robert J. Burdette.

MRS. LANGTRY gets a salary of \$500 a week, which is more than we do. But then we do not make a profession of our beauty.—Lowell Courier.

THE statement may seem paradoxical, but there are persons who can't sing and yet they do.—Lowell Citizen.

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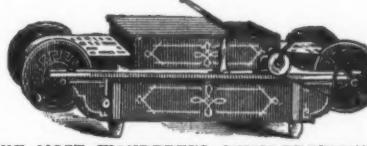
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WHILE the prisoners were out in the jail-yard, a few days ago, two of them who were under sentence to the penitentiary were heard comparing notes about as follows:

"I don't believe in proverbs," said prisoner No. 1: "it is believing in proverbs that brings me here. When I was a boy I often saw folks pick up pins, and when I asked them why they did it, they said:

"If you see a pin and let it lay,
You will have bad luck all the day."

"Yes, that's so. I've heard that myself."

"Well, it won't work. I have picked up a pin, and I've had bad luck ever since; I was arrested the very same day, and now I've got to go to the penitentiary for three years."

"What has that got to do with picking up pins?"

"Well, you see, the pin I picked up was a diamond pin worth one hundred and fifty dollars. I believed in the proverb about having good luck if I picked up the pin in the show-case, but they telephoned for the police, and here I am." — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

ABOUT fifty persons were injured at Quincy, Ill., yesterday, by a panic in a church.—*Ex. Somebody found an oyster in his soup at the church festival, probably.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

STATISTICS show that women commit suicide most frequently on Sunday. It is on that day that the humiliation of having to wear last season's bonnet is most keenly felt.—*Syracuse Herald*.

THE reason why so many people in Nineveh did not know their right hand from their left was because they had not been vaccinated.—*Boston Herald*.

IT is almost impossible to look over the hats worn by ladies at the theatre, and this fact is but another argument for the elevation of the stage.—*Lowell Citizen*.

WE notice an article in an exchange on "The Snail," but don't care to read it, as we have had some experience with messenger-boys.—*Lowell Courier*.

LOCATION makes a difference in the name and use of things; thus, a highway in Boston would be a footpath in Chicago.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

DIAMOND shoe-buckles are returning to favor. They are mostly worn by editors, and are precious toney.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Lieutenant Commander Gorringe in bringing the Obelisk to New York has performed indeed a monumental work. So has Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, in curing the nervous disorders of the world, with his Celery and Chamomile Pills.

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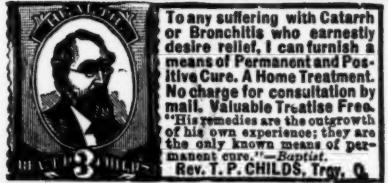
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A NEW YORK clergyman, in a sermon on courtship and marriage, said he believed that "there is a mate for every one, if she will but wait till the right one comes along." The female portion of his congregation, who have passed two score years, said they never heard such nonsense, and that the man didn't know what he was talking about. If the right one doesn't come along before a woman reaches forty, the chances are nine in ten that he is snowed under, or dead, or, worse still, has married the wrong woman.—*Norristown Herald*.

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THE London Times says that "whenever an eighth son is born into a Belgian family, it is the custom for the King to stand godfather." Whenever an eighth son is born into an American family, it is customary for the father and a few of the older boys to get full. America is progressive.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE report of the prize-fight don't mention what the bottle-holders had in their bottles; but it is admitted that every time Sullivan's blows reached their mark they made Ryan rock.—*Rome Sentinel*.

HOUSEHOLD mottoes seem to have gone entirely out of fashion, and nothing is now left to tell a call-r whether the family live at peace or fight all day.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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